



HERE'S A LITTLE

Pointer for You

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and to read this column, and any ladies that they wished answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss MAY CLEMATIS.

E. M. You should have some stability.

E. J. Perhaps you have cause to be indifferent.

Norah. Good company is necessary for your protection.

Mamie. There is nothing more beautiful in a young girl than good manners.

E. T. You can purchase any style of dress.

Josie. Friendship is like love. Hard to find.

Mamie. Girls are not careful enough. Unless you are engaged accept any gentleman's company that is agreeable to you.

N. O. The old style society is the best. A true gentleman is hard to find this day and time.

S. M. You lose a good friend by indiscretion.

Sadie. There are times in life that we should make a change.

Ida. Don't let the courtship be too long. It is not necessary, if you are willing and ready.

Nellie. Your letters should be written so that any one may read them.

Bessie. You have lost confidence in your friend. You should discontinue your correspondence.

Bell. You don't know how happy he was.

You committed a great blunder. The advent would have been appreciated.

Ella. Don't marry one for the sake of marrying, you should learn from observation.

Nettie. Divorces are numerous. Many a girl is lamenting and regretting the hasty steps.

T. M. Keep your friends. Don't be carried away by new faces. They soon fade and their beauty becomes old and stale. Old friends always look the same. We are often compelled to return to them some times.

The Ladies' Home Journal for September is the "Special Autumn Fashion Number" of that excellent magazine. In addition to an unusual number of interesting stories and striking features, it devotes seven pages to a complete setting forth of the styles to be in dresses, bodices, hats and wraps. The most important literary feature, perhaps, is the initial installment of "Miss Alcott's Letters to Her 'Laurie'"—letters which have never before been printed. They are edited by "Laurie" himself—now grown up. There is a delightful description of a day in the woods with Ernest Seton-Thompson, and a jolly recital of "The College Scrapes We Got Into," by "A Graduate." The fourth part of Miss Tompkins' "Aileen" brings that charming story near to its close, and Mr. Bok discusses the need parental cooperation in education in his editorial "The School Question Again." Three articles about "Cats That Draw Salaries," "Famous People as We Do Not Know Them," and "How a Village Changed its Name" combine to make an exceptional page, and a double page is devoted to photographs of "The Handsomest Laces in America," is shown, also some of the photographs which won prizes in The Journal's recent rural contest. In addition to the regular departments there are valuable articles on "A Cleverly Planned Nursery," "Plants Which Can Be Raised in the House," and plans for an ideal \$7000 house. By the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

Emma. Don't become so conceited that you think that your new friends are all you want. You have made a great mistake and you will realize it when it is too late. It is best not to quarrel. Make it up as soon as possible, you are wrong.

N. L. It is true that you may be well read, nevertheless, you can always be taught something new. Do you know your friends always? Don't show your conceit, it may cost you something.

Ollie. You should confide in some one. It is best always to be guilty of no offense, and then it may not become necessary to tell anything. Girls will talk and if you want your business kept by no means should you tell it to your female companion. Jealousy is a great evil you know.

I. T. To demand respect, it is to respect yourself. Allow no privileges and then you will be respected. Don't talk your business to any one. A talkative girl is a mischief maker.

Laura. Don't indulge in vulgarity. It shows bad taste and bad rearing. You can always tell what rearing a girl has had by her deportment.

Night picnics are dangerous.

Moon light strolls are objectionable. Flashy dressing is vulgar and generally makes the character.

Powder and paint upon the face marks the woman.

Flirtation tells who you are.

Good time assertion is only used by those who indulge in it.

Don't imagine that you are pretty because other people say so.

WILD RIDE ON BULL.

Thrilling Adventure of Mrs. MacElroy at Asbury Park.

Clung to the Frenzied Animal in Furious Mile Dash Across the Fields and Finally Escaped Uninjured.

Sherman, Pa., has a woman visitor who has ridden a mad bull bareback. She is still alive.

The heroine of this wild adventure is Mrs. Dora MacElroy, of Ashbury Park, N. J., says the New York World. Mrs. MacElroy is an experienced horsewoman and has all her life been accustomed to being with horses and cattle.

Her relatives at Sherman have a fine herd of Jersey cattle—sleek and well groomed—and Mrs. MacElroy, who is visiting there, has been in the habit of going down to the feeding trough every night to watch the animals at their meal.

It chanced that the cattle feed from a huge trough beside a stout fence.

To get the very best view of her bovine friends, Mrs. MacElroy would climb upon this fence to watch them and pat their noses.

The old bull was looking particularly gentle the other night, according to Mrs. MacElroy, and even munched some grain from her hand. As he stood there it occurred to her that his broad back would make an excellent seat.

The thought no sooner entered her head than she shouted to her companions to watch her, climbed to the topmost rail of the fence and vaulted lightly onto the bull's back.

The effect upon the bull was startling, to say the least. With a terrifying bellow he reared on his hind legs, shaking himself and snorting violently. The terrified woman had presence of mind enough to reach forward and clutch at the bull's horns.

An instant later the bull shot forward like a bullet. Involuntarily his



FELL INTO A CLUMP OF BUSHES.

rider clung to the slippery horns with every muscle on the strain.

The top bars separating the barnyard from the road were down and the bull, as might be expected, chose the direction of the road, toward which he made a wild dash. The lower bars were up, however, and as he saw them he came to a sudden stop, nearly throwing Mrs. MacElroy over his head.

The frightened farmhands and others who had seen the bull start ran after him. The bull, catching sight of them, once more lifting up his head, cleared the lower bars at a leap and started down the road at terrifying speed, leaving those following far behind.

A quarter of a mile was covered in this way, when once more the bull stopped suddenly and began to paw the ground.

Mrs. MacElroy was about to leap from his back, when some distance ahead a man suddenly turned into the road driving a gig and wearing a bright red shirt.

The color caught the eye of the bull. He instantly ceased his pawing and once more started along the road at terrific speed. The man saw his danger and whipped his horse. The bull's rider clung to her steed like a jockey.

The awful race which followed lasted for fully a mile. Mrs. MacElroy says that toward the end she felt her strength fast going from her and closed her eyes, expecting to be hurled to the ground and perhaps to her death at every plunge.

Fortunately the road at this point ran up a steep hill, and in climbing it the bull somewhat slackened his pace. This probably saved Mrs. MacElroy's life. The bull reached the top only to see the red shirt disappearing in the distance. In the face of this disappointment the animal turned quickly and started for home. In turning he wrenched his rider suddenly loose from her seat, throwing her, by a fortunate accident, into a clump of bushes.

When her friends reached her she was in a dead faint. Physicians were hastily summoned and she was carried home. Beyond a severe nervous shock she had, strangely enough, suffered no injuries.

Living Example of Thrift.

Industry and thrift have lifted Joseph Haaga from poverty to wealth. In 1886 he arrived in Butler county, Kan., with five cents in his pocket. He went to work for a farmer, with whom he remained five years, saving a little money each year. At the end of that time he started farming on his own account. To-day he owns 500 acres of land, and has it stocked with a fine herd of cattle.

HOWLED FOR A BARREL.

While Paul McLain Swam Under Water a Tramp Made Away With His Clothes.

"Oh, for a barrel," sighed Paul McLain, as the Desplaines river rippled slowly and soothingly under his ears, a tiny little wavelet rising now and then to caress his firmly molded chin.

"Oh, for a barrel of any kind. In the absence of pants give me a pickle barrel, a vinegar barrel or any old kind of a barrel that will save me from the clutches of the Civic Purity league as I go home."

It should be explained, says the Chicago American, that Mr. McLain



SHOUTED FOR SUCCOR.

is a clerk in the employ of E. A. Cummings, Washington and Dearborn streets, and when he received his weekly stipend Saturday afternoon he decided to have a frolic in the Desplaines river at Fourteenth street. McLain piled his clothes neatly beneath a sheltering tree, and there and then, with one exulting, joyous bound into the river's arms he leaped. When he came to the surface a stranger was standing on the bank.

"Can you swim under water?" asked the stranger.

"Sure," said McLain.

"Show me how you do it," said the stranger. "I'll count while you are under."

When McLain came to the surface the stranger was gone. He looked to the bank where his clothes had been, but no longer could he see the bright glint of his garter buckle, and the passionate gloss of his red hosiery had faded away. So had his trousers, which contained the weekly stipend.

McLain heard the merry voices of the laborers as they trudged along and he shouted for help. He shouted nearly all the afternoon before he found a man who would lend him a pair of trousers and an old coat. The police say that tramps lie in wait along the river for just such opportunities.

AVENGED BY LOVER.

Father Whips His Daughter and, in Turn, Whipped by the Girl's Best Young Man.

The Toledo (O.) correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer writes that six miles west of there is a hamlet known as "Rattlesnake Corners," where lives a farmer named Jacob Dompsey, who has a pretty daughter named Birdie, aged 19 years. A young farm hand named Nathan Johnston won his way to the young girl's heart. The girl's father objected to Johnston paying attention to his daughter and so informed both.

The other evening he caught the two lovers together near the girl's home



DOMPSEY HOWLED WITH PAIN.

and the father tried to give Johnston a sound thrashing, which he would have accomplished only for the girl's interference. The father then ordered the girl into the house, and the neighbors say punished her severely with a strap.

Young Johnston, who had gone home, heard of this, and, enlisting the help of his brother, started toward the Dompsey household. After entering the house the girl's father and the two Johnston boys discussed the matter warmly, and the lover declared he did not care how much Dompsey beat him, but he must not whip the girl. Finally the two brothers seized Dompsey and carried him struggling to the barn, securely bound him with ropes and straps in a stall and then administered to him the same kind of a beating with straps that he was accused of giving his daughter.

Dompsey howled and danced with pain, but finally begged for mercy and promised not to touch his daughter again or interfere with her love affairs.

It is stated the Johnston boys and Dompsey shook hands and made up before separating, and he solemnly promised not to prosecute the boys.

WHOLE STORY TOLD.

It's Not According to Rule, But Every Word of It True.

Conductor Didn't Get Gay with the Old Gentleman Who Had Lost His Pass and That Is Why He Still Holds His Job.

"Tickets!"

There was something resolute and commanding in the tone of the conductor of the famous express train as he uttered the word upon flinging open the door.

The broad-shouldered, firm-jawed, veteran conductor of the line looked so business-like that all of the passengers in the crowded coach at once got busy hunting up their tickets, and when the conductor reached them they all had their pasteboards ready. All but one.

This one was a ruddy-faced, well-groomed, fine-looking old gentleman with white side whiskers.

He fumbled in his wallet for his ticket, but it wasn't there. Then he began a hurried search of his pockets. He appeared to be unsuccessful.

"By ginger!" he was heard to mutter. "I'm almost certain that I brought those."

And then he stood up and made a systematic search of his pockets, turning over old dog-eared letters, formal-looking papers and heavy-looking envelopes tied up with red tape.

But he didn't find what he was hunting for.

Then he clawed his Gladstone bag down from the rack above his head, tugged at the lock and finally got it open. He spent five minutes in turning the contents of the bag topsy-turvy, perspiring all the time, and muttering things that wouldn't go for a minute in a family newspaper that has a large circle of young readers.

"Tickets!"

The broad-shouldered, firm-jawed, veteran conductor of the line was towering right over the well-groomed old gentleman with the ruddy face and the white side whiskers.

"Say, just wait a minute, will you?" said the latter—not, indeed, with a degree of meekness commensurate with the occasion—to the looming conductor. "I know that I put those pesky passes somewhere, but they've got away from me for the moment—"



LOOKING FOR HIS PASS.

just pass on, and I'll see what in tarnation has become of 'em!"

The conductor scowled, as all conductors with a proper appreciation of their positions do under like circumstances. But he went forward, and the fine-looking old gentleman continued his fruitless search. He gave it up after about 15 minutes, and leaned back in his seat looking mad.

Then the conductor returned and bore down upon him.

"Your ticket, sir!"

It was said in an ominous tone, and with an ominous flicking of the conductor's punch.

"Haven't got any ticket, dang it!" growled the well-groomed old gentleman. "Lost it, I guess. But here's my card," and the old gentleman handed the conductor his pasteboard, which set forth the fact that he was the first vice president of the road.

Now, right at this point in the narrative, if the writer were to let the truth get away from him and follow the inevitable rule in such cases made and provided, he would have the conductor remark roughly to the old gentleman that, card or no card, vice president or no vice president, he'd have to show something entitling him to a ride on the line, or be put off at the next station. Then the writer would have gone on to narrate how the old gentleman was filled with admiration over the conductor's strong sense of duty, and how he coughed up his fare in good money, and how, two days later, the conductor found himself appointed a division superintendent.

However—

"Oh, very well, sir," said the conductor, bowing and scraping profusely as he turned the card over in his hand. "Don't mention it. Thanks. The pleasure's mine. Of course, you probably dropped the pass somewhere. But it's all right. Are you comfortable, sir? Is the porter a proper care of you? After your long day for traveling, sir?"

"Uh-huh,"

president of the window

"I'm glad to hear of it, sir. Next to who he was," murmured the conductor to himself as he passed to the next car.

And if, according to all of these stories the conductor had got real gay and conscientious with the ruddy-faced old gentleman, there'd have been a hard winter ahead for him and his young ones, and no mistake.

It's too bad, concludes the Washington Star, that all truthful stories haven't got endings like the stories in the books "For a Good Boy."

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KNOWN IN OTHER LANDS.

The new prime minister of Japan, Viscount Katsura, distinguished himself in the Chinese war by winning one of the greatest fights, the battle of Kangwasi.

The duke of Cornwall, though born and bred in England, speaks the language with as decidedly German an accent as does his mother, while the king burrs his r's very oddly.

M. Paul Revoll, the new governor of Algeria, is 45 years of age and is a brother of the late George Revoll, the explorer of the Somali country. Originally he was a journalist.

Lord Dufferin, who has recently completed his seventy-fifth year, once referred to himself, on account of the numerous offices he has held, as "maid-of-all-work to British governments."

In a lawsuit now pending in Scotland to determine whether the late Sir W. Cunliffe Brooks, a millionaire banker, was domiciled in England or Scotland, a lawyer testified that in the last few years Sir William has made 200 wills.

FACTS FROM FRANCE.

Wine growers in France now send sample bottles of wine by parcels-post to individuals.

A French company has organized a new steamship line between Antwerp, Havre, Havana, Mexican ports and New Orleans.

France holds the record as a user of gold. She has coined 2,300 tons in the last 40 years, against 1,400 used by the English mint.

Paris' population according to the census just taken is 2,714,068, an increase of 149,104 over the last census. Paris is now over 700,000 behind New York.

The largest Mont de Piete, or, as we designate it, pawnshop, in the world is probably that on the Boulevard Montmartre, Paris, which, it is said, receives in pledge over 1,000 watches every day.

COOKING CLASS MAXIMS.

Uncooked bananas are difficult of digestion.

To test pulled bread break it and if crisp to center it is done.

The thicker the piece of beef a la mode the juicier the meat.

White fleshed fish is more easily digested than the pink flesh class.

Meat, fish and fowl should be quickly seared on the outside when cooked.

Potatoes, cucumbers, celery or lettuce are the best accompaniments for fish.

Fish for baking should not be split, and, like meat, must go into a hot oven.

If you dip the hands into cold water when making raw fish into balls it will not stick.

AT THE CONGRESS OF SAGES.

The Masseuse—As a sure prevention for wrinkles, contentment knocks facial massage all to pieces.

The Bachelor—It were safer to place your lips to the muzzle of a gun than on the lips of a deceitful woman.

The Cynic—It has been said that owing to a fortunate instinct woman never reasons falsely. Is it because she doesn't reason at all?

The Benedict—A wife's wise counselings entereth her husband's mind, and after many days returneth to her in jewels and precious raiment.

The Psychologist—The heart of a woman is as a driven well, and he who would sound its depths must be



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